

# RUTHERFORD VERDICT—'REDS' AND ARCHANGEL

## The Daily Mirror

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

### OFF TO RELIEVE THEIR COMRADES IN NORTH RUSSIA



Troops waving to friends on shore. They were in high spirits.



Arriving on the landing stage at Tilbury with their kit bags.



Left to right: Lieutenant-Colonel MacLeod, D.S.O., M.C., Mrs. McFie, Captain C. A. Reid, V.C., Captain T. G. McFie, M.C., and Captain A. M. Cameron, D.S.O. Col. MacLeod saw his friends off.



R.A.F. men writing farewell letters.



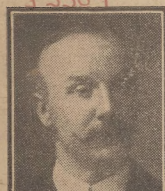
The advance guard of the British Relief Force for North Russia left Tilbury yesterday under sealed orders. Several of the men tried on their warm fur hats, which form a necessary part of their kit.

#### RUTHERFORD GUILTY



Lieutenant-Colonel Rutherford, D.S.O., who shot Major Seton.

#### THE DREAM THAT CAME TRUE—



Dr. T. B. Hyslop said he considered Colonel Rutherford insane.



Lt.-Col. Macmillan, succeeded to Col. Rutherford's command.



Robert Kimber, formerly a private in Col. Rutherford's unit.

#### —BUT INSANE AT THE TIME.



Major Barnsley Allen, V.C., served under Colonel Rutherford.



Dr. Chippendale, a police surgeon, one of the witnesses.



Lt.-Col. Rutherford, R.A.M.C., brother, gave evidence.

Dr. Hyslop, the eminent mental specialist, told how, in December, 1918, Colonel Rutherford had a vivid dream, in which he murdered Major Seton. The idea became an ob-

session with him. Next month the murder was committed. The witnesses yesterday were doctors and Service men, and their evidence will be found fully reported on page 2.



# JURY FIND COLONEL RUTHERFORD, D.S.O., GUILTY, BUT INSANE

## To Be Detained During His Majesty's Pleasure.

### MURDER DREAM STORY.

#### Pre-Tragedy Horror of Having Killed Major Seton.

After a long hearing, replete with tense drama and emotional moments, the trial of Colonel Rutherford, D.S.O., ended without a scene at the Old Bailey yesterday, when the jury found that prisoner was guilty of murdering Major Charles Carleton Seton, but that he was insane at the time.

The Judge said he agreed with the verdict and ordered Colonel Rutherford to be detained during His Majesty's pleasure.

The jury were only absent from the court five minutes, and the prisoner heard his sentence unmoved. All through the trial his attitude had been one of impassivity. He just glanced round the court, bowed to the Judge, and then stepped briskly below.

Remarkable evidence was given in the final stages of the hearing by witnesses in support of the insanity plea put forward by the defence, and a sensational feature was the grim story of how Colonel Rutherford dreamt that he murdered Major Seton before the actual shooting took place.

"He viewed the whole dream with horror," said Mr. Hyslop, who had kept Colonel Rutherford under observation. "But the idea would recur from time to time."

Of the changeableness of Colonel Rutherford's disposition remarkable evidence was given. It was said that when normal he was exceptionally courteous, but was subject to outbursts of temper, and then, as one witness said, he was "an entire change from the Colonel Rutherford as one knew him."

The Judge, in his summing up, said it was for the defence to satisfy the jury that at the time he committed the crime the prisoner was insane and not responsible for his act.

It was not necessary for a person to be a raving maniac to be insane and not responsible for his actions. On the other hand, it was not enough to say that because he was abnormal he was in the eyes of the law insane.

### "OUTBURSTS OF TEMPER."

#### "A Change from the Rutherford as One Ordinarily Knew Him."

Colonel Norman Cecil Rutherford, D.S.O., was accused of the murder of Major Miles Charles Carleton Seton by shooting him at the house of his cousin, Sir Malcolm Seton, in Holland Park, W., on January 13.

Dr. John Sandilands, medical officer of health for Kensington, told how Colonel Rutherford had suffered from dermatitis in France, was subject to extraordinary outbursts of temper.

In these attacks he would suddenly turn on an officer or non-commissioned officer without any adequate reason, and sometimes without any apparent reason at all.

He would address them with extraordinary rudeness. He spoke on these occasions in a peculiar voice, which appeared to be choked with suppressed rage, and his manner became very markedly threatening and extremely insulting, the whole thing being an entire change from Colonel Rutherford as one ordinarily knew him.

Counsel: Did you, as a medical man, form any opinion at the time as to what was the explanation of these sudden outbursts of rage? —Yes; I thought he suffered from some mental warp.

In reply to his Lordship, witness said that Colonel Rutherford had dermatitis two or three times a month.

Sergeant-Major Bevans said that in November, 1916, Colonel Rutherford returned to the ambulance wounded by a shell fragment in the right forearm.

He was then suffering from shock, his companion having been killed by the same shell. His right ear was also affected by the shell, and he had to be treated for deafness.

Sergeant-Major Bevans recalled an ambulance parade taken by Colonel Rutherford in the courtyard of the Marie in France. While Colonel Rutherford was standing ready to inspect the parade an officer entered the yard. Colonel Rutherford at once stiffened himself, and called out to him in a voice like thunder: "There is the gate, get outside."

Witness illustrated Colonel Rutherford's attitude and voice in dramatic fashion, and added that the officer was doing nothing wrong, and did not belong to Colonel Rutherford's unit. Colonel Rutherford afterwards seemed to go limp, and then carried on the parade as usual.

Sir Archibald Brodie asked what the officer did when Colonel Rutherford thundered at him, and witness said he was so surprised that he turned round and went off as hard as he could go.



Mr. Clem Edwards, M.P., who opened the debate on Russia in the House of Commons last night.



Lord Basing has died at his Hampshire residence on 6th, Hoddington House, at the age of fifty-nine.

## TO COMMONS BY AIR.

### General Seely Flies from Rochester to Westminster.

#### EIGHT ATLANTIC COMPETITORS

The distinction of being the first member to fly to the House of Commons falls to General Seely, Under-Secretary for War and Air Minister.

Yesterday afternoon, accompanied by Major Sippe, he made the trip from the works of Messrs. Short Brothers at Rochester to Westminster in a 260-h.p. Short seaplane.

The seaplane left Rochester about four o'clock, and was over Waterloo Bridge at 4.20. After circling twice over Westminster Bridge, she landed on the Thames outside the Houses of Parliament at 4.23.

Commander Perrin, secretary of the Royal Aero Club, states that to-day there will probably be an eighth entry for the Atlantic race. The new competitor is expected to be a pilot entered by Messrs. Boulton and Paul, of Norwich.

The Sopwith seaplane at St. John's, Newfoundland, was ready on Monday night for a trial trip, but this was delayed indefinitely owing to the condition of the airfield.—Renter.

## ROYAL CREAMS TO GO?

### The King Inspects State Coach and Change of Ponies.

Are the wonderful cream ponies that have excited the admiration of Londoners on royal pageant days to disappear?

The King inspected yesterday the vehicle known as "the old State Coach," which is only used on the occasions of State Openings of Parliament.

This wonderful carriage, with its oak carving and panel paintings, is usually drawn by a team of eight cream ponies.

But yesterday the horses were black, although dressed in the splendid morocco and gilt harness hitherto reserved for the creams.

It is understood that the purpose of the inspection was to judge of the effect of a change of teams, and that there is a prospect of dispensing with the creams for State processions.

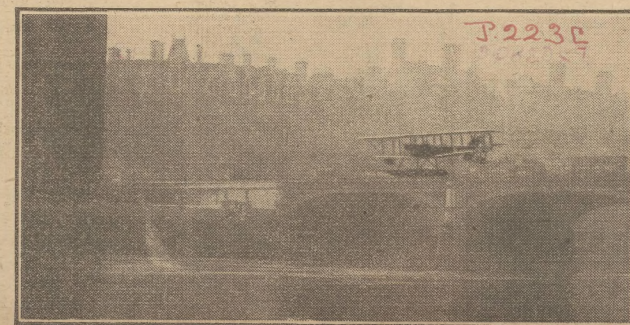
## PULLED FROM WAGON.

### Discharged Soldier, a German Prisoner and £2 Fine.

Frederick Walker, a discharged soldier, was fined £2 at Biggleswade (Beds.) yesterday for assaulting a German prisoner.

It was alleged that on March 21 Walker, who was drunk, shouted: "Where is your guard?" to a German prisoner passing in charge of a wagon. He stopped the horse, pulled the German out of the wagon and pushed him against a wall, threatening to kill him.

Walker alleged that the German spat and pulled faces at him. "Since 1914," he said, "I have been taught not to resist a German, and certainly I am not going to be spat at by one."



General Seely about to alight on Thames.—("Daily Mirror" photograph.)

## SPENCER WEDDING.

### Earl's Daughter Married to Soldier Heir of Peer.

#### MARIE ANTOINETTE LACE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NORTHAMPTON, Wednesday. The beautiful old church at Great Brington (Northamptonshire), where George Washington's ancestors and long-dead Spencers lie at rest, was aglow with the gold of daffodils this afternoon when the neighbouring houses of Spencer and Annaly were united.

The bridegroom was Captain the Hon. Luke White, M.C., heir of Lord Annaly, of Holdenby House, and his bride was Lady Lavinia Spencer, second daughter of Earl Spencer.

The bride, who has been a V.A.D. motor driver in Northampton, is exceedingly popular with all classes. She looked very charming in a Botticellian gown of cream chamoisee, girdled with orange blossom. Her train was of chamoisee, trimmed throughout the entire length with fine-old lace that once belonged to Marie Antoinette, and was lent to the bride by her father. This lace also formed the sleeves of the gown.

The bride's veil of old lace, worn by Lady Delia Peel at her wedding, was surmounted with a wreath of orange blossom.

The honeymoon is being spent at Springfield, Oklahoma, lent by the Marquis of Londonderry.

The chief presents included a pearl and diamond necklace from the bridegroom, a string of 104 graduated pearls from Earl Spencer and pearl, ruby, emerald and diamond studs from Lord and Lady Annaly.

## DEATH WITHOUT A NAME.

### Man Who Shielded Another Before He Went to Guillotine.

PARIS, Wednesday.

A double execution was to have taken place this morning, but an unprecedented incident occurred.

Only one head fell—that of one of the condemned men, who would never reveal his real name, having at the last moment made a confession which made out the other man to be innocent.

Sannazaro, or whatever his real name may be, refused to hear Mass in the cell, but in presence of the Public Prosecutor made the following statement: "I pretended that Zaccari helped me in the murder. That is untrue. He only knew of the crime after it had been committed."

An order was given at once to stop the execution of Zaccari.

The Public Prosecutor tried to induce Sannazaro to reveal his identity, but only drew the reply, "No, I cannot do that. I belong to an honourable family. I will not give you my name; it will be thought that I died at the front."—Exchange.

## WOMEN HEALTH GUARDS.

### Commons Reject Amendment to Ministry Bill.

When the Ministry of Health Bill was debated on the report stage in the House of Commons yesterday, the House agreed to an addition to the Bill, moved by Dr. Addison, by which the powers of the Minister of Health, in respect to medical inspection of schoolchildren, might be exercised by the Board of Education.

Sir Samuel Hoare moved an amendment that among the consultative councils set up in connection with the Health Ministry there should be one composed entirely of women. It was necessary to get the right representation for women, on whom the success of the measure so much depended.

Sir Donald Maclean, who seconded, said that women had been described as the medical officers of health of the home.

The amendment was defeated.

## DOG COLLECTS 6,000 PENNIES FOR RED CROSS.

### Shaggy-Coated Pet Gets Money in Theatre Queues.

#### STREET SINGERS' RIVAL.

Jack, a friendly, shaggy-coated dog of unknown pedigree, living at No. 9, Little Newport-street, W.C., just opposite the London Hippodrome, should become famous. He has collected over 6,000 pennies for the Red Cross during the war.

He is the busiest, most indefatigable collector of coins in London. He scorns a box, but runs about theatre-land and begs for money, holding the pennies in his mouth. He can hold as many as fourteen coins without the slightest discomfort.

Next week, as a reward for his war services, Jack has been engaged for a walking-on part in "The Chinese Puzzle" at the New Theatre. This is his second theatrical engagement. His first was at the Hippodrome a few years ago.

Jack was discovered by *The Daily Mirror* yesterday engaged on his usual work of extracting pennies from a theatre queue. At the mere clink of a coin he became intensely alert, begging on his hind legs and pricking up his ears. When a penny was thrown near him he darted at it like a terrier at a rat, picked it up in his mouth and then begged for more. When he had about eight pennies in his mouth, and the generosity of the queue seemed to be exhausted, he quite quietly trotted off to his home.

Some amusing details of this extraordinary animal were given to *The Daily Mirror* by Mrs.

## BEAUTY PHOTOGRAPHS DAILY

Further details of *The Daily Mirror* £1,000 Beauty Competition will be found on page 13. Each day during the week we shall publish photographs of the prize-winners whose names and addresses only have so far been printed. See pages 8 and 9 to-day.

Fox. She bought him, some seven years ago, from the "Beasts of Begg" House for 7s. 6d. From the first he showed a craving for collecting money.

It is surmised that, in his early life, he was trained by a blind man or a street musician. The fact remains that he shows a wonderful liking for this class of the community, follows behind them, quickly picks up the pennies thrown to them and dashes home.

## SPICED BUNS NEXT WEEK.

### Plentiful Supply Assured for Good Friday Morning's Breakfast.

Now that the ban on "cookies" has been lifted, hot cross buns, spiced and currant, will be plentiful this year, *The Daily Mirror* learns.

In bygone years, when the "Black Fast" on Good Friday entailed a boycott of practically all food, save flour and fish, these "buns" were made of a mixture of flour and water.

Crossed and eaten hot, they were anything but appetising—now they might almost be called delicacies.

## "DREADED OF THE DAY."

### Arrested Soldier Pleads for Bail in Order to Get Married.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NOTTINGHAM, Wednesday.

A soldier's romance was broken to-day by his having to appear on his wedding day on the charges of theft and desertion from the Army.

The accused, Thomas Seagrave, twenty-one, when remanded, pleaded there was still time to get married, as his fiancée was in court.

He had dined of this day for two years while in France.

## CISSIE RAYMOND STILL MISSING.

Seen yesterday afternoon by a *Daily Mirror* representative, Mr. Raymond, father of the girl *Cissie* Hannah Raymond, who has been missing from her home in Grade street, since last Saturday, said: "We have had no news of the girl ourselves, but I am informed that a bus conductor has reported to the police this afternoon that he saw a girl resembling her description and photograph alight with a man from his bus at Balham."

## SOUTH WALES MINERS' BALLOT.

The counting of votes from the South Wales coalfields on the question of the acceptance of the Government proposals resulted up to last night as follows: For the acceptance, 20,218; against, 2,333; majority for, 17,885.

(Continued on page 13.)



# PREMIER'S PLEDGE—NEW ARCTIC BLOW EXPECTED

## MR. SHORTT ON RED RUFFIANS OF RUSSIA.

### What Was Known to Our Secret Service.

#### "MADE IN GERMANY."

#### That Story of "Two Americans and Lenin's Proposals."

There was an interesting debate in the Commons yesterday on the Bolshevik regime in Russia, when Mr. Clem Edwards moved the adjournment in order to call attention to the reputed overtures from Lenin to the Peace Congress.

Mr. Shortt, the Home Secretary, in replying for the Government, made the following points:—

The debate showed there was not a single Bolshevik sympathiser in the House.

They were entitled to say that they were willing to discuss things with a Government representing Russia, but they would have no truck with a mere gang of blood-thirsty ruffians who were terrorising a population.

If Russia chose a form of Government which was a danger to the civilised world they would have nothing to do with her and would protect themselves from her and her emissaries.

#### EVERY DAY.

Bolshevik emissaries in this country had very little support. Every day he signed a certain number of orders getting rid of some of them.

He had been asked a number of questions about the visit of the two Americans.

Whether they had brought any definite proposal from Lenin or not he was not in a position to say.

But he could say, according to the latest messages from Paris, that no such proposals were before the British delegates.

He did not believe there were any Lenin negotiations or proposals at all.

#### "MADE IN GERMANY."

He believed the whole story was German manufactured—manufactured for the purpose of making the peoples of other countries believe the Bolsheviks was really a peaceable, reasonable person.

Their objects were—the Secret Service knew it—to spread Bolshevism wherever they could.

He could at least promise to convey to the Prime Minister the undoubted fact that the unanimous feeling of the House was in favour of that resolution. (Cheers.)

In doing that he was not suggesting that the Prime Minister was weakening or had sent out an S.O.S. (Hear, hear.)

Before the Easter adjournment either the Premier or Mr. Bonar Law would give the House more definite information, and Mr. Edwards' motion was withdrawn.

#### CHILDREN'S NAILED HANDS.

At the outset of the debate Mr. Clem Edwards said that one term in the reported overtures meant that the whole of the Loyalist Russians who had been putting up a fight against this Red pestilence were to be handed over to the Lenin regime.

If the plenipotentiaries of this country should see fit to grant recognition in that way, the vast majority of the House of Commons would repudiate the Treaty. (Cheers.)

Mr. Edwards was citing horrors set out in the White Paper published this week on the Bolshevik regime, when Colonel Wedgwood ejaculated "Little bit!"

Mr. Edwards said the reports were vouched for by the Government, and he would give privately the names of distinguished Englishmen who had brought the information, including that of an eye witness who saw the hands and feet of children in a high school nailed to desks and floors, where they had died of starvation.

General Page Croft said the Pinkipo suggestion caused dismay. Colonel Guinness said it was inconceivable that there was foundation for rumours that recognition was contemplated.

Lenin-Trotsky. "Manual."—Referring to the Bolshevik revolution in Hungary, Mr. William G. Sheppard says that he has no doubt that Lenin and Trotsky have worked out a definite formula for Bolshevik revolutions, and that the Lenin-Trotsky manual for a revolution is circulated in many languages.—Exchange.

## DEATH FOR DRINKING.

In Budapest now drunkenness is "under certain circumstances" punishable by death.—Central News.

## TODAY'S WEATHER.

S.E. England.—Moderate or fresh southerly winds, veering N.W. towards evening. Rain at first, showers and fair intervals in evening. Rather mild, becoming cooler in evening.

## "Red" Offensive Anticipated Against Our Front at Archangel—Three Attacks.

### MR. SHORTT ON WHAT SECRET SERVICE KNEW

Premier's Pledge.—"We shall redeem our pledges," is the Premier's reply to the M.P.s who asked for renewed assurances on the indemnity question. Mr. Lloyd George, said Mr. Shortt, replying in the Commons debate last night on the Bolshevik regime, will make his peace statement on Tuesday.

Position at Archangel.—The Bolsheviks have made three attempts this week to break our front at Archangel. All attacks failed, with heavy enemy loss. A new offensive on the railway front is expected

## BOLSHEVISTS TRY TO BREAK OUR FRONT

### Three Archangel Attempts Fail—New Blow Coming.

#### FROM THE WAR OFFICE.

A summary of the operations in the Archangel sector during the past week goes to show that the Bolsheviks have attempted to break our front in the following places:—

1. On the Bolsheozerkki front, where several attacks were launched after artillery preparation, with Oboerskaya as objective.

2. On the railway front on March 30, since which time no further attempts have been made.

3. On the Shredmerchenga front.

All these attacks failed, with heavy loss to the enemy.

It is believed that the enemy is preparing for a further offensive on the railway front.

A Paris message says that General Humbert, the former commander of the French Third Army, may be given command of the Allied troops in Central Europe.

Irish Priest Missing.—Captain the Rev. Rupert Roche, a well-known Irish Dominican, is missing in North Russia.

Odesa.—A Reuter Paris message states that the evacuation of Odesa by the Allies is confirmed, and the Bolshevik bulletin says their Hetman Grigorieff occupied the town.—Wireless Press.

## FORCE OF 300,000 NEEDED.

### "Allies Should be in Petrograd by November."

General Torcom, of the Armenian Military Mission, who returned from Russia, via Archangel, expressed the following views to Reuter.

At least two divisions must be rushed off immediately to Murmansk.

The Allies must undertake decisive operations starting simultaneously from—(1) South Russia, (2) Northern Caucasus, (3) Siberia.

Allies must send a force of 300,000 troops against the Bolsheviks.

Allied and Russian Armies ought to be able to occupy Moscow and Petrograd by November.

Bolshevik Admissions.—Bolshevik communications indicate increasing pressure by the anti-Bolshevik forces and a retirement of the Red troops on at least three fronts—western, southern and eastern. Three stations, two towns and several villages have been lost.

Letish headquarters reports heavy fighting near Schlock (sixteen miles from Riga) and near Mitau.

The military authorities consider these attacks to mean the beginning of a big Bolshevik offensive against Letland and Lithuania.—Reuter.

Esthonian Victory.—On Sunday the Esthonian crossed the frontier river Narova, and captured seven villages. They rushed the town of Gdov, and captured 300 prisoners.

Bolshevik Finances.—The Bolshevik Finance Commission shows that there is an approximate deficit of 30,000 millions of roubles on the half-year.—Exchange.

Generals Humbert and Grazain, says the Exchange, are to be sent to the Black and Baltic Seas to take charge of the famous "Sanitary Cordon."

## WHERE THE SUN SHONE.

Sunshine records at health resorts yesterday included: Falmouth, Newquay (Cornwall), Penzance, Scilly Isles, Torquay, nine hours; Clacton, Felixstowe, Malvern, Southend, Southport, Walton-on-Naze, Weston-Super-Mare, eight hours; Harrogate, Rhyl, Skegness, Weymouth, Yarmouth, seven hours.

## FIRE AT ARSENAL.

There was a slight outbreak of fire in one of the officers' Woodwich Arsenal last night. In response to a district call a large number of fire engines attended, but without their assistance the outbreak was extinguished by the Arsenal fire brigade.

## "WE WILL REDEEM OUR PLEDGES."

### Premier's Message in Reply to M.P.s.

#### PEACE STATEMENT

#### To Be Made in Commons on Tuesday.

The following message was received by telephone at the House of Commons, yesterday, from the Premier in reply to a telegram addressed to him on the question of indemnity pledges by Mr. Kennedy Jones on behalf of several hundred members of Parliament:—

"My colleagues and I mean to stand fully by the pledges we gave to the constituencies.

"We are prepared at any moment to submit to the judgment of Parliament, and, if necessary, to the country our efforts loyally to redeem our pledges."

As announced on Monday by *The Daily Mirror*, the Premier is expected to be back in London on Monday next, to make his peace statement in the Commons on Tuesday.

The advent of Mr. Bonar Law is regarded in Paris (says Reuter) as a welcome indication that actual decisions on all the main points of the treaty have been reached.

It is stated in well-informed circles, says Reuter, that an inter-Allied Commission will assess the losses on a just basis for thirty years, beginning May 1, 1921, with an initial payment of one thousand million sterling.—Reuter.

#### "LET WILHELM OFF."

According to French diplomatic circles (Reuter) the British and French points of view are in agreement on the subject of the ex-Kaiser. They hold that William II. is legally guilty, that his extradition should be demanded and that he should be brought before an Inter-Allied Court.

The American point of view, however, according to the same circles, while admitting the ex-Kaiser's responsibility, does not countenance the taking of legal proceedings against him.

PARIS, Wednesday.

In the course of the discussion yesterday afternoon between the heads of the four Allied Governments, says the *Temps*, President Wilson explained the American point of view with regard to the origin of the war.

Crimes committed during the war will, it is understood, be punished by the judicial authorities, and it is expected that the extradition of the ex-Kaiser will be demanded.—Reuter.

The *Matin* (quoted by the *Central News*), commenting on the latest developments at Paris, says:—

"The American people have nothing more to fear on the part of Germany and the economic producers who see the reopening of extremely profitable markets."

"At this moment we arrive on our knees with our demands, and if we do not obtain satisfaction, France is determined to speak."

"We shall no longer know the security of the future, such will be the fruit of our unheard-of sacrifice."

## GERMANY MAY ASK ALLIES TO RESTORE ORDER.

### Berlin Railway Strike—No Trains Go to Danzig.

Germany is considering the question of calling in the Allied Armies to preserve order in the country. So says the *Journal*, quoted by Reuter. Here are snapshots from various cities and towns:—

Berlin.—Quiet under armed forces of the Government. Two thousand men in railway workshops strike. Berlin-Danzig train stopped.

Magdeburg.—Fighting after part of garrison had joined Spartacists.

Essen.—Strikers, who number 288,000, have occupied Krupp's works. Two killed and nine wounded in riots. Member of the Committee of Nine has been arrested.

Nuremberg.—Further disturbances expected in spite of state of siege.

Wuerzburg.—Spartacists have declared for freedom of the Press and against the Republic.

## WORLD WAR MEDAL.

The colours of the ribbon to be worn with the medal commemorative of the present war, it is officially announced, are orange (centre), with white, black and blue stripes on either side.

Officers and soldiers may not wear the medal until the British War Office has been published announcing the grant of the medal.

An announcement will be made shortly as to the medals to be issued for service during the present war.



## RECRUITING QUEUES IN LONDON AGAIN.

### Rush to Join Russian Relief Force—First 1,000 Sails.

The recruiting office at Great Scotland Yard presented a scene of activity yesterday that can only be compared with those of the early days of the war. The large quadrangle was a seething mass of demobilised men anxious to rejoin for service with the North Russian Relief Force.

In batches of ten they were being admitted to the office, where Sergeant-Major Rowe and his busy staff were turning them into soldiers once more with surprising celerity.

Fine boys they were, too, mostly men who have been demobilised and discharged, and therefore fully trained and ready for service.

Wound stripes were fairly plentiful, and here and there was a Mons ribbon.

#### ADVANCE GUARDS LEAVE.

The advance guard of the British force for the relief of our troops at Archangel and Murmansk arrived at Tilbury yesterday, and embarked by tender on the troopship *Porte*, which sails under sealed orders this morning.

The embarkation began with a detachment from the K.R.I.s and the Rifle Brigade, each about 200 strong. They had travelled from Winchester, but despite the journey were in high spirits.

Later a party of the Middlesex, 200 strong, arrived from Mill Hill. A big percentage were "Contemptibles."

Small details from other regiments brought the total strength of the relief force up to nearly 1,000. There were also about eighty men of the American Engineers.

Although the total number is small, the variety of regiments represented suggests that the main body, which leaves next month, will reach considerable dimensions.

## JAP TROOPS FOR KOREA.

New York, Wednesday.

A telegram from Honolulu states that according to a Tokio message to a local Japanese newspaper six battalions of Japanese troops are being sent to Korea to suppress disturbances there.—Reuter.



1875



# Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1919.

## LEAVE HIM ALONE!

NOBODY envies Mr. Lloyd George his position at the "peace-before-Easter" conference!

A little while ago, his friends were flying and from London and Paris to distract attention—they could not help it!—on account of "Labour troubles."

And we suggested then that it would be a good thing were Labour *here* to show itself more conscious of the supreme importance of Labour *everywhere* of what was going on in Paris. We hoped that the Prime Minister would be "let alone" for the purpose of those problems in settlement.

Now it is another story of distractions, and, in the same way, once again we venture to express the hope that various "private" members of Parliament will leave Mr. Lloyd George alone, to deal as he knows best with the immense difficulties of the situation in Europe—with the great task of giving for a new Europe and not for the old Europe revived: Europe of balance of power, of armaments, of international competition, always about to burst into open air.

This problem is enough, surely, for any man's head. From all the signs, Mr. Lloyd George has *never done anything so fine* as in his struggle together with President Wilson to get it settled with fairness and finality.

It is indeed humiliating, then, to read at a number of busybodies, with their eyes on the more foolish of their constituents, could be plaguing him with petitions and annoying him with silly questions, in the midst of the gravest crisis we have had to get since the armistice brought a faint respite to the world's sufferings.

To all busybodies, cranks, energumens and self-advertisers at this moment we could say—"Look at the state of Europe. Look at Germany. Look at Russia. Take warning. And leave the Prime Minister unmolested in his struggle for a just peace!"

## WHAT ABOUT RUSSIA?

It looks as though there would soon be no excuse for us to go on stirring up anarchy by starving Russia and Eastern Europe.

The Soviet Government's terms were published in the *Manchester Guardian* yesterday. They have been known or guessed for some time. If they are confirmed and accepted, there will be an armistice with Russia also.

The proposition that we should go on lunging about, mad-bull-like, in the snows, against a few millions of people, will be dropped. Our men will be safely withdrawn. And "Bolshevism," fostered by starvation, may possibly be leavened by infusion of moderate blood; so that the Soviets will develop into a solid form of government. They could not, anyhow, be worse, and they may be better, than the old rule of Tsar and Rasputin, when nobody, you remember, proposed "to attack Rasputinism wherever you meet it."

No other policy in Russia is possible. Another big war there (or anywhere) is unthinkable. And all little wars turn out to be big ones, after all.

We hope the House of Commons debate will help to define these matters and to settle them in the sense indicated. W. M.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

However perplexed you may at any hour be about some question of Truth, one refuge and resource is always at hand; you can do nothing for nothing for someone besides yourself. At times when you cannot see God, there is still open to you this sacred possibility, to show doubt for it is the love and kindness of human hearts through which the Divine Reality comes into men, whether they name it or not. Let it be thought, then, stay with you; there may be times when you cannot find help, but there is no time when you cannot give help.—George Bernard Shaw.

## SHOULD OUR DAUGHTERS HAVE DOWRIES?

### HOW TO MAKE ENGLISH GIRLS INDEPENDENT.

By MRS. STANLEY WRENCH.

REGARDED from the Continental standpoint, the Anglo-Saxon is improvident in many respects, and in nothing so much as in his attitude towards his daughters. We, in turn, are apt to sneer a little at the thrift and self-denial of our friends the French, and are prone to contend that the "dot" or dowry system is all wrong, since it results in making marriage a mere business arrangement.

A dowry need not, however, be a marriage portion. Indeed, if one is to listen to those who dabble in statistics, marriage can be the lot of a much smaller percentage of our daughters in future. Yet, whilst it is certainly true that the girl of to-day is far better educated and equipped to take her place in a workaday world than the Victorian damsel, who looked on marriage as the be-all and end-

operate and work with men, but it would be an unfair contention to maintain that all these grades of work would be kept up to the same level, and that the same amount of vitality and determination would characterise their labour if such work had to go on for ever. We have lived through abnormal times, and we must remember this when reminded that women and men have worked shoulder to shoulder in all kinds of ways.

### EARNING THEIR LIVING.

It is certain, however, that during the next twenty years the status of woman will change considerably, and parents must remember that the girl-child of to-day will be the woman of the future. With far fewer chances of marriage, the woman of to-day realises that if she had been better equipped and prepared for fighting her own battles she would feel more courage, and it behoves us to prepare for the girl-children born to us in quite as serious a fashion as for our sons.

One way of doing it is by the dowry.

Eren in the lower middle-class family in France a dowry is arranged for, although this

## MORE SUGGESTIONS.

### OUR READERS ON THE NEW BUDGET BEFORE IT APPEARS.

#### TAX THE FOREIGNER!

WHEN we lived at Baden each had to pay two francs a week as a foreigners' tax. Let our Government impose a weekly tax on all foreigners during their residence in London and elsewhere.

Why not? M. A. BURKE.  
Bay House, Sandgate.

#### DRASTIC!

I CAN'T quite make out whether your correspondent "Taxation" is a confirmed bachelor or not.

He is either vastly wealthy or he has hardened his heart against having children.

I suggest, in lieu of taxing babies and perambulators, that taxes be put on billiard cues (5s. each), tobacco pipes (10s. each), and a bachelor tax of £250 per annum for every unmarried man whose income is over £500 per annum who is physically fit for marriage and who has no other dependents. M. D. B.

#### A GRIEVANCE.

ALL this mad talk about income tax and profits tax is being allowed to go too far.

If the profits tax is not taken off at once, it will spell ruin for England, and the income tax needs extending to every working man, now that everybody is getting big wages.

I believe in men and women being paid well for good work, but a bad worker should not be paid at the same rate as a good one.

I had a business acquaintance these people whom we steady plodders are being bled to keep.

Next door to me lived a father, mother and five sons.

The six men were at trades, and each earned not less than £7 a week. They paid for nothing they got, and they paid no income tax.

There are millions of these people who pay no tax, and have luxuries to every man.

The mothers and fathers draw the old-age pension, and all children belonging to them are educated free. No man or woman ought to educate, or help to keep another man's people. No man should have more children than he can afford to keep, and everybody should save for old age. It can easily be done at the rate people are being paid now, if they will eat and dress less extravagantly. ALFRED WOODS.

## THAT PROPOSED TAX ON BACHELORS.—No. 2.



### MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

YOUR article on "Neglected Mothers" is very one-sided.

What about the "neglected girls," who long in vain for that sympathy and help which a mother alone can give, and which is withheld when most needed often?

Mothers are admirable, all honour to them and thanks for their lives of sacrifice! When ill and weak in body they would minister unceasingly. But why do so many forget to sympathise with the mental perplexities of their girls? A GIRL.

### THE NATION'S SILENT GRATITUDE.

IN the London streets I have witnessed all the sights so cleverly depicted in your cartoon, "What the plain man cannot understand," but with my nurse's uniform I have never been allowed to suffer like the ordinary traveller. There is always a seat offered me in the tube or bus.

I have even been pushed forward in a queue before the railway booking-office. "Here is a place, nurse," has become quite familiar to my ears.

I am truly glad to be able to express through your columns my thanks to the public for its frequent marks of sympathy towards our profession. NURSE G. M.

### SHORTER LETTERS.

The Worst Month.—No! The worst month is undoubtedly January. All is dead in nature. And we invariably have the flu.—A. M. B.

More Competitions.—After having seen suggestions for plain girls and for good girls I cannot help suggesting a competition for the best piece of "reconstruction" idea for the improvement of all. Will you start it?—PROGRESSIVE.

Death and Life.—Respecting your correspondence upon the effect of competition amongst nations, the words of the thinker still are true, "Co-operation is life, competition is death."—NEMO.

### IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 9.—Some good roots of parsley should not be thrown away. Let the soil be rich, and remember to thin out the young plants in good time. Crowded roots will never produce strong leaves.

Onions that were sown in heat early in the year may be set out in a well-prepared bed, providing they have been thoroughly hardened off. First rake in plenty of soot and wood-ashes.

Clear off winter greens directly they have ceased to be productive, and use them as sprouts. The ground can then be prepared for runner beans, potatoes, etc. E. F. T.

### A SONG.

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,  
Sorrow calls no time to go on;  
Violets plucked the sweetest rain  
Makes not fresh nor grow again;  
Trim thy locks, and let thy hair  
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see;  
Joy as winged dreams fly fast,  
Why should sadness linger last?  
Grief is but a wound to wean;  
Gentlest fair! mourn, mourn no more.  
—JOHN FLETCHER.



# The Return of Bovril

**B**OVIRIL Ltd. are now beginning to cope with the increased sales. The shortage of bottles caused by the heavily increased demand for Bovril is now being gradually overcome.

Bovril Ltd. apologise for the absence of Bovril during the epidemic periods, and wish to express their regret to all those who were deprived of Bovril at so critical a time.

The first and constant aim of Bovril Ltd. throughout the War has been to supply Bovril to those who stood in greatest need of it. It is their legitimate claim that

**Bovril did not  
“profiteer”**

The more other foods rose in price, the more determined were Bovril Ltd. that the selling price of Bovril should not be increased. The scarcer food became, the more essential was Bovril.

When food was dangerously short, Bovril, which possesses the peculiar power of making other foods more nourishing, proved of incalculable value in maintaining the health and strength of the Nation. Through the four and a half years of War

**Bovril Ltd. has not  
increased the selling  
price of Bovril.**

Although Bovril has cost more to produce, Bovril Ltd. sold it throughout the War at the same price as in July, 1914.

# TEA

**As we have  
No Higher Price**

**HOME & COLONIAL**

**2¼  
BLEND**

contains

**The Finest Teas  
obtainable**

**HOME & COLONIAL**

STORES LIMITED

**Branches Everywhere**



# MILK FAMINE AFTER THE WORLD WAR.

## HOW CHILDREN SUFFER UNDER PRESENT CONDITIONS.

By PROFESSOR WALLACE.

The Professor of Agriculture and Rural Economy in Edinburgh University expounds the lines of reform in milk distribution.

GREAT BRITAIN, of all countries, possesses the greatest number of native breeds of milking cattle of outstanding merit.

But nothing effective is done to secure clean and wholesome milk for consumption. Milk distribution in London is a world wonder, but our liquid milk supply is a national disgrace.

We have the deplorable annual pre-war death-rate of 50,000 children from preventable causes, and towards this colossal sacrifice the impurity of milk largely contributes. Such milk is laden with the pathogenic germs of infectious infantile diseases.

There are two specially deadly preventable causes of child mortality, which, like others, are left free to ravish without let or hindrance, viz., tuberculosis and summer diarrhoea.

Decades ago Professor Bang, of Copenhagen, demonstrated a thoroughly reliable method by which tuberculosis can, without pecuniary sacrifice, be prevented from spreading to calves and completely eliminated from a herd within a few years. A little extra care and attention on the part of the owners of cattle and a sufficient amount of stimulation, by order of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, applied to those who are too ignorant or too indifferent to do their duty in their own and the country's interests, are needed.

### IT CAN BE DONE.

Mr. J. Malcolm, F.R.C.V.S., Birmingham's chief veterinary officer, recently stamped tuberculosis out of a dairy by Bang's method; and, as a result of the same method, a member of my own family secured the record average price at the dispensing sale of his Ayrshire herd in 1918.

The Copenhagen Milk Supply Company has since 1878 maintained a disease-proof supply, yet, incredible to relate, although the facts were well known to our Health Authorities, nothing has been done to secure to us the unspeakable advantages which that admirable system gratuitously offers.

The failure of milk production during the war has been nothing short of disastrous to the health of the infantile population. The shrinkage of supply, which resulted in a scarcity akin to famine and a rise in price to 3s. 4d. per gallon in the large provincial cities of the kingdom, was seriously aggravated by the ineptitude of Food Control which was guided by interested middlemen and impractical scientific so-called experts, who discarded the first essential of practical management and ignored the cost of production.

### TWO DEMANDS.

In addition to the duty of not only maintaining but increasing the number of our cows, there are two urgent necessities calling loudly for Government support, including considerable well-directed pressure, in the interests of public health.

(1) The handling under an expanding well-organised co-operative system of the present untrustworthy milk supply—the only one possible for years to come—to make it safe for consumption, especially by infants wholly dependent on it, and (2) the increase in numbers by skilled private breeders, through well-known and proved methods, of cows free from tuberculosis and all other sources of contamination, under a system which leads up to the ideal average yield per cow, to produce milk at the lowest cost per gallon.

Professor Bang and the growing practice of milk recording point the way in the latter case. In the veterinary circles of milk Captain F. G. Alsop, R.F.A., just home from Palestine, has been explaining to health and other authorities a most satisfactory cold milk project he began in Melbourne in 1899—an improvement on the Copenhagen and similar systems in U.S.A.

For five pre-war years the results were officially claimed to be a "world record," viz., the successful feeding of 2,000 ailing children annually at small additional cost. The process involves (a) clean handling and (b) the centrifuging of the milk to eliminate impurities, including bacteria; and (c) its heating for twenty minutes at the lowest temperature fatal to the tubercular bacillus but not injurious to its digestibility.

No better monument to victory could be devised than the establishment of a guaranteed national milk supply.

# A LAW FOR LONG ENGAGEMENTS.

## HOW YOUNG PEOPLE MAY BE MADE MORE CAREFUL.

By Mrs. ADRIAN ROSS.

"IN the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

This spring, alas! the fancies of the young man and woman seem to have turned in the direction of the Law Courts. For there is a more than usually large crop of breach of promise suits and divorce cases.

People blame the war, and undoubtedly the war has had a lot to do with it, for many of these young people have met in a glamour of khaki.

Meals at restaurants, followed by a theatre, unlimited rides in taxis and dances galore—the whole thing has been a "whirl." Then suddenly they found themselves engaged, and many were married before they had time to sit down and think it all over sanely.

For four years people have been living unusual lives and doing unusual things, and for a long time to come domestic tragedies will be the result of the lack of balance resulting. To be married to a romantic person in khaki who returns periodically in a whirl of excitement is one thing. To settle down to ordinary life with the same person after he has returned to his job—say, as a city clerk on a very limited income—is quite another. No more jolly little dinners and theatre parties!—all the frivolities of life checked by the eternal problem of pounds, shillings and pence. It needs a lot of grit and a lot of love to sail fair under such conditions.

At one time breach of promise cases were very rare. They are generally sordid and

undignified affairs. Under ordinary circumstances one cannot understand a girl suing a man for breaking his word. She ought rather to be thankful to have escaped marrying an inconstant lover, and no one can have much respect for her dragging the matter into publicity, and bearing to have her private letters read aloud in court. Yet now these cases crop up every day.

I may suggest a possible remedy for the divorce cases at least.

When people are divorced it is a year before the decree is made absolute and they are free to marry again.

It seems a pity that some such law cannot be made with regard to engaged people, so that they cannot marry within a certain period after the engagement is announced.

There is a saying that a man and woman never really get to know one another until after they are married, which is unfortunate, as it makes marriage rather a matter of chance. At the same time, if people are engaged for a reasonable period they get more opportunity of discovering the various kinks in each other's characters. A great many of these hasty marriages would never have taken place if there had been a longer engagement. It would simply have been a case of "lightly come and lightly go"—lightly got engaged and broken it off.

It is considered "stuffy" to be practical and steady-going, to cultivate a solidity of character, but if we are to maintain our position as a great and powerful nation we must see to it that these qualities are encouraged in the coming generation. I cannot help thinking that compulsory long engagements might be a means of getting people to know one another before they marry.

# THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CONFERENCE.

## UNJUST CRITICISM OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

By SISLEY HUDDLESTON,

Who points out clearly what the British point of view is.

VOICES are raised in violent criticism of the Peace Conference.

They are criticisms which cannot be reconciled.

One section of the public angrily blames the Idealists for the "delay." Another section blames them for calling the Imperialists. One could indeed make many severe comments, but those that are made are often totally unjustified.

I have been in daily touch with the Conference since it began. I have had much to say as to its methods. But I think that in justice to statesmen who are doing their best in difficult circumstances the public should be told the truth, and the public should try to understand.

I have talked with delegates from every nation, and I have found them all anxious to secure a peace which, in their opinion, shall be sound and durable.

What is a sound and durable peace? There's the rub which makes the Conference of such long life!

A good many of the British papers, I regret to notice, defend every point of view but the British point of view. I consider that the British point of view is well worthy of explanation and of appreciation.

### NO MORE WARS.

It is this. The peace that is being made will be guaranteed by us. We cannot sign the Treaty and then return home and leave Europe to its fate. We must be prepared to see that the terms of the Treaty are respected, not only now, not ten years hence, not twenty years hence, but by the children of our children's children.

We want no more wars in Europe. But we must be prepared, even at the price of war, to uphold the Treaty we are making.

How can we do that if we impose an unjust peace? As a leading British statesman said to me: "Are we going to fight again to maintain territorial injustices, which may pass now in the moment of triumph and of righteous indignation, but which will not pass a generation hence?"

If, for example, on the theory that "anything is good enough for the infernal Hun," we deliberately put millions of Germans under Polish domination, Poland might be pleased now. But Poland would find herself in grave difficulties to hold these unwilling subjects in a few years' time.

Nobody wants to spare the Hun. It is mere stupidity to talk as though the British delegates were desirous of being gentle for the sake of the delicate feelings or the beautiful eyes of the Hun. But remember that if we do something that in the cold light of the future will be obviously unfair, we shall nevertheless have pledged ourselves implicitly, if not explicitly, to fight, if need be, to preserve that unfair settlement.

### THINK IT OVER!

The Conference has not met to make a Polish peace, nor a French peace, nor a British peace. It has no more met to make a German peace. It has met to make a clean peace, a lasting peace, a European peace, a world peace.

To read some of the criticisms of the Prime Minister one would suppose that he has only to accept the Polish view or the French view, without question, and that he is a traitor to those countries if he does not.

The Poles are entitled to their opinions and to make their claims. So, of course, are the French. But they are not the only parties interested. Britain is interested, since the Peace Treaty must be also a War Bond. We have shed our blood on the battlefields of Europe in a righteous cause. We have shed our blood and poured out our treasure on behalf, not only of France, of Belgium, of Poland, but of civilisation. We will do the same to-morrow if the same circumstances arise again. But we have no right to sacrifice our sons for a cause that is not crystal clear.

I do not, on the other hand, wish to convey the impression that any of our Allies are asking for something which they consider unjust. They have excellent reasons. But that does not make any less our duty to examine those reasons, and to oppose those claims if we are not perfectly satisfied that at some subsequent date we shall be proud to fight to preserve those claims.

It is the supreme duty of British statesmen to do this fearlessly.



THE ALLIES IN DALMATIA.—Serbian soldiers guarding a harbour defence boom on the road near Teodo. The cavalryman is an Italian, and the car American.

# THE TRIALS OF THEATRICAL TOURING.

## WHY IT IS HARD TO FIND RECRUITS FOR IT.

By A PROVINCIAL STAR.

A THEATRICAL gossip writes that managers are having all the difficulty in the world to induce chorus girls to go on tour at present.

The news does not astonish me in the least. I have been on tour with one of the biggest London successes since well before last Christmas, and never in the whole of my twenty odd years on the stage have I had such an awful time.

Conditions of life have been—and are—so bad "on the road" that I would gladly exchange my position of a provincial star for any obscure part in London at five pounds a week less than I am getting now. The main—of many—troubles are travelling, food and lodgings.

It is not necessary to enlarge much on the trials of the railway traveller these days; most people know them of bitter personal experience and exasperation. Let me merely say that nearly all our travelling is done on Sundays; that railway-officials have a perfectly careless and callous trick of side-tracking us for hours and hours, and apparently forgetting all about us while they play about with other traffic; and that by some malign arrangement we generally arrive at our destination in the middle of the night.

On several such occasions most of us have

spent our first night in a fresh town homeless. There have been times when even those very few who could afford hotels could find nowhere to lay their heads. I forget exactly how many officers are still undemobilised—and leave is plentiful at week-ends now, of course, with the result that many of the big provincial towns are still crowded out.

Then the "theatrical landladies" of yesterday, whose names and addresses were passed on and on to each other by people on tour, have changed to a considerable extent. Some of them have taken on "permanents"—folk in no way connected with the stage—who cannot find houses of their own; others have discovered a new and better-of kind of lodger during the war. No "ma" is not what she used to be—taking her as a class.

The food question is very difficult, of course.

Occasionally a stage-struck assistant will recognise you and afford you the surreptitious preferential treatment meted out to heroes, but for the most part one comes off badly. Regular customers come first—naturally, I suppose—and so, more often than not, you trudge about from shop to shop, unregistered and unloved, in a soul-destroying search for the sheer necessities of existence.

It is a wretched, depressing life nowadays, even for the stars with sufficient Treasury notes in their pockets. What it must be like for the smaller people it is not difficult to guess.

Personally, if I were a chorus girl I would hold out against going on tour at present to the last gasp.



# HIS OWN COUNSEL.



Gallagher (on left) sitting at the base of a statue in Edinburgh talking to a friend. A prisoner in the Clyde riots trial, he is conducting his own defence.

# RIOTS FOLLOW FOOD SHORTAGE.



Breaking the shutters of a closed baker's shop in Madrid. The contents were looted. These riots were mostly led by women shouting "We are hungry," and are the logical climax to the long food shortage and the constantly-increasing cost of living.

# SEVEN PR



Miss Kathleen Cook, Bristol, £10 prize. Air Ministry clerk.



**THE PENNY DOG.**—Jack can hold fourteen pennies in his mouth without discomfort, so needs no box. He lives in Newport-street, in the heart of Theatreland, and visits the queues to beg on behalf of the Red Cross Society. His total is more than 6,000 pennies!



**A LITTLE RELAXATION.**—The jury in the Rutherford case going for a drive. Cooped up in court all day, they need fresh air.



**THREE D.S.O.s.**—Lt. Col. Kenneth Duncan, a well-known Yorkshire footballer, second bar just gazetted.



**BRIGHTON HERO.**—Lieut. Stanley Christian, decorated with the M.C. for gallantry with Tank Corps.



Miss Beryl Murray, Denmark.



**THE VOLUNTARY SYSTEM AGAIN.**—Though the rush, of course, is not so great as in August, 1914, recruits are coming in fast at Whitehall for the North Russian relief force.



Miss I. M. O. Radcliffe, London, S.W. £5 prize, V.A.D. and Air Ministry.



Miss C. Tatham, Farnham. prize. Clerk and nurse.



# NNERS.

# PAINTING VERSAILLES PALACE.

# A TORPEDO BADGE.



Newton, Blackheath.  
R.F.A. pay office.



Air Ministry clerk.



Smith, Brondesbury.  
Made comforts.



The "ouvriers" in their white clothes are painting the interior of the famous palace of Versailles. It was France's humiliation last time, but it will be the greatest triumph in her history when this peace is signed. It will also add another chapter to the chequered history of the palace.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



**AIRMAN'S DEATH.**  
—Lieut. William Beil-  
lie, R.A.F., who fell  
out of a motor and  
fractured his skull.



**PILOT'S HONOURS.**  
—Capt. A. W. Beau-  
champ-Proctor, V.C.,  
D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C.,  
of the R.A.F.



**MILAN WELCOMES THE SOLDIERS.**—Italian troops marching through the city on their return. Girls handed nosegays to them.



The Board of Trade are issuing torpedo badges to the widows of officers and men of the merchant service who lost their lives on duty during the war.



**FROM PORTSMOUTH TO THERHINE.**—H.M. motor-launch 569 entering a three-mile long canal tunnel in France. Running at reduced speed, it took her thirty-five minutes to get through. Several of these craft had adventurous voyages from England to Germany.



Miss Dorothy Lamplough, Midhurst.  
£10 prize. A land worker.



**BOLSHEVISTS PUT UNDER LOCK AND KEY.**—Bolsheviks, who have been arrested, are escorted through the streets to prison. Such incidents as these are not uncommon in Berlin now.



# A Mother's Gratitude

for the restoration of her little boy after 4  $\frac{1}{2}$  years' continuous agony.

Surely the letter recorded below is one of the most striking instances of real maternal gratitude ever penned by a thankful mother.

Grasp the significant fact! A little boy who from birth suffered from an especially malignant form of Eczema. Two, three, and four years pass and, despite the unceasing efforts of his parents and medical skill, the torturing and disfiguring affliction showed no sign of abatement.

Then, when hope of recovery had been almost abandoned, the mother begins using Cadum Ointment, and, to her utter amazement and joy, the work of restoration commences. Now read her simple, homely, yet eloquent letter, and let it "point the moral and adorn the tale."

Birtley Villa,  
Sondley, Ch. Stretton,  
Jan. 19th, 1919.

Dear Sirs,—I feel I must write and tell you about my little boy now aged 4½ years, who suffered most terribly from eczema from birth. Several local Doctors tried everything they could think of, but none of them did him any good. He was in the Royal Infirmary for 11 months, and the Doctors there did all they could for him, but he got no better, so I fetched him home and started using Cadum Ointment. We began to see an improvement with the first box, so we continued with it.

He was covered from his head to ankles with terrible eczema. We got no rest night or day, so you may guess our gratitude to Cadum Ointment when we began to get a little rest. You could not imagine a much worse case than our little boy's was. He could not be left a minute or he would tear his flesh off in pieces. Now no one can believe that he is the same child. There isn't even a mark from the most awful scabs he had. His skin is now clean and healthy.

Yours faithfully,  
(Mrs.) M. J. Hall.

There is an irresistible healing power and virtue in Cadum Ointment, due to its unique and unrivalled soothing, antiseptic and curative merits, which ensures its success in every conceivable skin disease, disorder, inflammation, irritation or eruption.

Not only eczema, chronic or spasmodic, but such cruelly agonising conditions as ulcers, sores and running

wounds yield to its benevolent agency. Pimples, blotches, ringworm, piles, burns, cuts, chafing and all other forms of scalp and skin trouble are quickly banished by this marvellous healer. The first application draws the "fire and sting" from the affected part. The smarting ceases, the burning is allayed, and the growth of new, healthy skin is at once stimulated.

## Cadum Ointment

Of all Chemists and Stores, 1/3 per box.



# Lovers of the "Tasty Rasher"

will insist on buying

## Lipton's Delicious Bacon

because—

- ❑ **QUALITY TELLS** and you can always depend on Lipton's.
- ❑ It is prepared under the best possible hygienic conditions, and carefully smoked by experts in Lipton's own Factory.
- ❑ Lipton's have a world-wide reputation approaching half a century to uphold.
- ❑ Lipton's have well-regulated supplies—very quick sales—and therefore have no "old stock" to sell at low prices.

Tens of Thousands of New Customers are buying Lipton's Tea daily.

**RESULT!**  
Genuine satisfaction and happy smiling faces everywhere.

## Lipton's Tea

**YELLOW PACKET 2/8** per lb.

*The finest the world produces.*

The "Old Time Favourite" **2/4** per lb.

**Rich! Fragrant! Refreshing!**

Also a Reliable Household Blend at **2/-** per lb.

## LIPTON'S Tea Planters, Ceylon.

The largest Tea Distributors, Manufacturers and Retailers of Food Products in the World.

Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom.

Head Office: CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

*Lipton's Tea has the largest sale in the world.*

—LIPTON, LTD.—

## TWO MEDICINES IN ONE

**K**ER-NAK brings to a run-down system just the soothing, corrective assistance it needs in Springtime. Ker-nak uniquely combines the qualities of a tonic and laxative in a single pill. It purifies the blood and overcomes Constipation, Piles, Bilious Headaches, Bad Digestion, Nervous Debility, Influenza's after effects, and other prevalent Liver and Stomach troubles.

# Ker-nak

**TONIC & LAXATIVE.**

1/3 & 3/-  
a box.

of all Chemists.



# TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

## The Queen Sees the New Decorations.

Despite a heavy shower of hail at tea-time yesterday a crowd of umbrellalless men and women gathered at the National Gallery, when it was seen that the royal carriages were waiting outside. It was almost five before the Queen and Princess Mary emerged, having been to see the new decorations and the returned art treasures.

## Don Scrubs.

Princess Helena Victoria had an interesting discussion with Mr. Ben Spoor, M.P., yesterday at the Y.M.C.A. headquarters on the use of huts and clubs in village life. Mr. Spoor gave some of his experiences in the Near East, when he set an Oxford professor to wash dishes and a Cambridge don to scrub.

## A Uniformed Princess.

Like the other hut leaders of the Association, the Princess was in the neat grey and olive uniform. So, too, was the Hon. Mrs. Walter Long and the Hon. Mrs. Stuart Wortley, who are concerning themselves with the future activities of the great body of workers.

## V.A.D.s' Pretty Gift.

V.A.D.s from headquarters at Northampton turned up in full force yesterday—I am advised from Great Brington—to see the wedding of Lady Lavinia Spencer to Captain the Hon. Luke White, the future Lord Annaly. It was a charming thought on their part, too, to send the bride her bouquet, composed of lilies of the valley.

## A Quintet in Blue.

Lady Margaret Spencer headed the procession of five bridesmaids, all of them cousins, and dressed in lucky blue and gold. Lord Spencer entertained afterwards at Althorp, and the bride and bridegroom will be at Springfield, the Marchioness of Londonderry's place, for their honeymoon.

## A Chairman.

It was exclusively intimated in *The Daily Mirror* yesterday that Sir George Macrae would be the chairman of the forthcoming Board of Health for Scotland. Of course, Sir



Miss Marjorie Carlisle, who has played Miss Violet Lorraine's part in "The Bing Boys."



Lady Chetwode, wife of Sir Philip Chetwode, who has left for Egypt.

George is Scottish to the backbone, and once sat for one of the Edinburgh divisions. During the war he raised a battalion of the Royal Scots, with whom he fought on the Somme and elsewhere.

## A Critic.

When he was first in the House and quite unknown Sir George created a sensation by the knowledge and force with which he criticised one of Sir Michael Hicks Beach's Budgets. "Who on earth is that?" asked the amazed Chancellor of his neighbour during the speech.

## Black, but Comely.

There is a distinct revival in the bowler. Most demobilised "young fellows" wear it in preference to the too-popular soft hat. The Prince of Wales always wears a bowler in mufti, except on "topper" occasions.

## Club Deficits.

London clubs have been heavily hit in many cases during the years of war, and I hear of some disastrous balance-sheets. Many of the best clubs in the West End are doing their utmost to increase their membership, and several are raising their entrance fee to meet present financial conditions.

## A Reminder.

When you have finished reading your "Rambler"—to-morrow don't forget to turn the page and start on the new *Daily Mirror* serial. I am sure you will enjoy it, and I hope you will write and tell me what you think about it.

## A Big Panel.

I hear that the panel of "Britannia bellatrix," which has recently been put up on the staircase landing at the Foreign Office and which is to be the first of a series for the decoration of that part of the building, is the work of Mr. Sigismund Goetze.

## Ambiguous.

When the model for the scheme was shown to Baron von Kuehlmann just before the outbreak of the war he made the ambiguous remark: "Do you mean to say you are going to put this up here? It is just the sort of thing we should have in Berlin."

## Queenly Patronage.

Lady Alington has for some time been one of the most noted of organisers and performers in charity "shows."



Lady Alington.

I hear that she is now devoting her energies to a matinee at the Palace in aid of the Waifs and Strays' Society. Queen Alexandra will patronise the performance.

## R.R.C.

There is a long *Gazette* this morning of names of able and devoted women who have been awarded the Royal Red Cross. All parts of the country are represented.

## As in Pharaoh's Days.

An American officer who has been spending a few days on leave in Paris tells me that the latest fashion among the ultra-smart Parisiennes is to gild their finger-nails. This, of course, is the revival of a custom favoured by the beauties of Ancient Egypt.

## The "Chapel."

Music-hall manners change. Collins', at Islington, used to be known as "the Chapel on the Green," because of the very strict censorship practised over songs and jokes when the "alls" were more free and easy than they are now. Of course, under the management of Mr. Charles Gulliver no censorship will be needed.

## A Reappearance.

I hear that Mr. Stanley Lupino, after his incursion into pantomime, is going back to "Hullo, America!" He is now being fitted with some new songs and stunts.

## Disabement Defied.

Mr. Hope Crisp, the Cambridge football and tennis Blue, surprised me by telling me that he intends playing in the championship at Wimbledon. He is not a bit perturbed at losing his right leg in the war.

## A National Winner.

I hear a good story of Brigadier-General Campbell. It happened in the dark days on the Somme twelve months ago, when one officer asked another the General's name. "Can't remember for the moment, but he won the National on The Soarer."

## Rode for King Edward.

This was in 1896, when the General, then a subaltern, won the big steeplechase for Colonel Hall Walker. The last time I saw him ride was at the Grand Military at Sandown, when he wore the royal colours.

## Closure.

I notice that some of the theatres are closing for Holy Week, thus giving their companies a needed rest. For instance, the players at the Shaftesbury have been performing continuously for three years, having previously had nearly two years at the Gaiety without a break.

## A Broken Record.

Here is Mr. W. H. Rawlins, who is very sad about breaking his record. For eighteen years he has not missed a performance of any piece in which he was engaged. This proud boast, though, can be his no more, for he has just had to be absent from the Adelphi for six weeks' indulgence in illness.



Mr. W. H. Rawlins.



The Hon. Mrs. Cecil Edwards (Mime, Edvina) will sing at Covent Garden.



New picture of Miss D. Bethell, daughter of M.P.

## THE HOUSE RISES.

M.P. Who Raised a Battalion—The Theatres and Holy Week.

It is very PROBABLE now that Parliament will not rise till Wednesday. This will give Mr. Lloyd George the greater chance of making a statement in the House on peace and indemnities before the adjournment. He is extremely anxious to do this if possible. But nothing definite can be said yet.

## Excess Profits.

Business men in the House seem to think Mr. Chamberlain is considering whether he shall continue the excess profits duty at a much lower rate than at present or take half of all dividends above 10 per cent. They would prefer the former.

## Multiplication.

Peculiar force attached to the remarks of Mr. Hayday, M.P., when he spoke in the House in favour of mothers' pensions. He comes of a family of sixteen, his wife had fourteen brothers, and he has sixteen children.

## The Bed Famine.

Returning to Parliament this week after an illness, Mr. John Williams, the miners' M.P., had a four-hours' tramp from hotel to hotel in search of a room. Finally he got a bed in a private house. I wonder if when the season is over we shall ever return to the state of "nobody in town."

## The Rush Away.

Maybe as August approaches a few thousand people will abandon London, as it was in pre-war days. But, even then, it may still be difficult for the casual visitor to get a bed and a bite to eat.

## Scarce Cars.

More evidence daily reaches me as to the scarcity and dearth when found of motor-cars. "They are as bad as to get as houses," says a correspondent bitterly—a poignant comparison in these houseless days! Some makers will not promise delivery under thirty-nine weeks and some will not set a date at all.

## Rent in Advance.

As an illustration of the famine in houses, I hear of a country cottage in far Devonshire which was advertised. Wires and letters to the number of two hundred odd flowed in on the advertiser, some of them enclosing a year's rent in advance.

## The Canteen Movement.

Shall we all be eating in common soon, and will the family meal be a thing of the past? The Ministry of Food is urging local authorities to do their best in the way of establishing workshop and factory canteens.

## No Family Life.

What with this, and what with National Kitchens and one thing and another, it looks as if in the near future it will be a very unprogressive Briton who will gather his family and friends around his own table in the old-fashioned way. Which will be a pity, from many points of view, so I hope it will not come in my lifetime.

## Dressing Up.

Our soldiers in the Rhine Army have, I hear, developed a great taste for dressing up. Not only are fancy-dress dances all the rage, but football matches and cross-country runs are being held in motley garb.

## Soldier Cries on the Rhine.

The Waves and Wafers are, I am told, beginning to make their appearance in Rhineland, where, in order to hasten the demobilisation of the men, they are taking over the driving of motor-lorries and cycles, as well as acting as clerks and telephonists.

## THE RIGHT KIND OF SHAMPOO

THE right or the wrong kind, which do you use? The ordinary Shampoo may be right or it may be wrong—for you.

If your hair is naturally greasy you will require a totally different Shampoo Powder from the individual whose hair is naturally dry, because a shampoo powder that will cleanse dry hair will not cleanse greasy hair thoroughly.

If your hair is naturally dry a Shampoo for greasy hair will dry your hair too much, making it hard, brittle and difficult to handle.

Different hair needs different treatment. Get one of the OATINE SHAMPOO POWDERS, made in two varieties, to suit the conditions of your hair.

## OATINE SHAMPOO POWDERS

For Dry Hair in Red Packets  
For Greasy Hair in Green Packets

Both kinds cost 2d. each, or seven in a box for 1s. Of all Chemists and Stores. The Oatine Co., Borough, London, S.E. 1.

## WHICH FOR YOU?

## You Save Money In Home Baking by using the famous British-made raising agent, BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER

the quality of which makes a little go such a long way.  
One teaspoonful is equal in effect to two level-spoonfuls of most other raising agents.

## New Health for all who are Weak, Anaemic, 'Nervy,' Run-down.

'Wincarnis' possesses a fourfold power in creating the new health you need. Because 'Wincarnis' is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood maker and a Nerve Food—all in one. Thus it gives new strength to the Weak, new blood to the Anaemic, new nerve force to the 'Nervy,' and new vitality to the Run-down. That is why

Over 10,000 Doctors recommend

## Wincarnis

Small Size 3/- Large Size 5/6

ARE YOU NERVOUS?

Are you "nervy"? Do you feel self-conscious and "personal" about "it"? Do you ever feel "all of a tremble"? Do you feel awkward in the presence of others? Do you have "nervous or mental fears" of any kind? Do you shrink from the company of men or women, social gatherings, dancing, banquets, speech-making, conversation, singing, playing or "appearing in public"? Do you feel that you are not "getting on" as your natural talents deserve? Learn how to change your whole mental outlook. Be the Mental-Nerve Tonic you need. Quickly acquire strong Nerves and a powerful and progressive Mind, which will give you absolute self-confidence based on developed natural ability. Being freed from Mental-Nervous handicaps you will be amazed at the wonderful way in which you and all your affairs will prosper. Used in the Navy, from Vice-Admiral to Seaman, and in the Army from Colonel to Private, D.S.O., M.C., M.M. and D.O.M. Merely send 3 penny stamps for particulars of guaranteed cure in 12 days. Godfrey Elliott-Smith, Ltd., 476, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate-circuit, London, E.C. (Adv.)



# THE BOY'S FRIEND

By RUBY M. AYRES

# LAIRIES AND THE "GREY HAIR" PROBLEM

## Specialist's New Discovery.

GRATIS "TEST" TREATMENT FOR ALL WHO DESIRE TO RESTORE YOUTHFUL HAIR COLOUR.

THERE is a wide gulf that separates the grey-haired woman (and men, too) from those around them. "Grey-haired" is a stigma unpleasant to experience. Thousands to-day bear this sign of old age, with the exception of a number of Society men and women who have used it conclusively proves, does and will immediately restore your lost hair colour. This statement is not an invitation to test free of cost or obligation. (See Coupon Below.)

To women, particularly, who are grey or turning grey this great discovery will affect.

### AVOID DYES AND STAINS.

No woman of refinement cares to use a messy, harmful, hair-poisoning dye or stain. Rather would she face age-giving greyness.

"Astol" is her great opportunity to restore her grey hair to its natural colour by a simple "Few Minutes a Day" Method which never fails.

"Astol" is the creation of a number of Society men and women who have used it conclusively proves, does and will immediately restore your lost hair colour. This statement is not an invitation to test free of cost or obligation. (See Coupon Below.)



"Astol" give you back that youthful appearance by permanently restoring your hair colour!

### CONTENTS OF "ASTOL" FREE TRIAL PARCEL.

1. A Trial Bottle of "Astol"—the new scientific preparation which, applied for a few minutes to the hair in the morning, immediately commences to restore your own rich, youthful hair colour. It is perfectly harmless, and is not a dye or stain.
2. A packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, the wonderful hair and scalp cleanser, which prepares the hair for the use of "Astol."
3. A copy of the famous book, "Good News for the Grey-haired," which clearly explains how to use your free test supply of "Astol."

### WHAT "ASTOL" IS AND WHAT IT DOES.

Although a comparatively new discovery, "Astol" is already known to and has been used by millions of grey-haired men and women. Its immediate success is due to various causes.

1. "Astol" is the discovery of the famous London hair specialist who introduced the now world-famous "Harlene Hair-Tint" in its place of a powerful recommendation and guarantee.
2. It is neither a dye nor a stain, both of which are rightly held in abhorrence by every man and woman of refined and sensitive temperament. Dyes and stains are messy and ineffective, and their use is easily detected.
3. It is physiological in its action, and does not merely paint the hair shaft. It has a powerful action on enfeebled and atrophied colouring to cells, and restores their youthful vigour and healthy functional activity.

4. "Astol" is itself an absolutely clear and colourless liquid, supplied in dainty bottles. It does not give temporarily a false colour to the hair, but brings back its natural colour and lustre. The treatment only takes up about two minutes a day. A "Cremex" Shampoo is delightfully refreshing and invigorating. It cleanses the scalp and is very, soothing to a tired brain or nerves, and restores the hair to its natural activity.

After you have once seen for yourself the effect of "Astol" you can obtain further supplies at 2s. 6d. per bottle; "Cremex" is 1d. per box of seven packets (single packets 2d. each), from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit-street, W.C.1.



### FREE TO ALL GREYHAIRED MEN AND WOMEN

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE LTD., 20-22-24-26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1. Dear Sirs,—Please send me a Free Trial Supply of "Astol" and packet of "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, with full instructions, as enclosed, on receipt of 3d. stamps for postage and packing to my address.

Daily Mirror, 10/11/10.

### NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope Simple Post.)

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.  
URSULA LORIMER, a young and pretty girl, who is forced to earn her own living.  
JAKE RATTRAY, a man under medical sentence of death.  
BORIS ST. CLAIRE, formerly engaged to Jake.

### ELSA INTERVENES.

JAKE did not understand. He looked at her incredulously. He echoed her words in mystification.

"What do you mean—now you have not even got that? Have you given up singing, then... after all?"

Ursula laughed broken-heartedly. "Singing has given up me," she said; then her head went down on her arms and, forgetful of everything but this last great blow of disappointment, she sobbed out: "Oh, it's gone—my voice! I haven't got anything left now in all the world."

Jake stood like a man turned to stone. But for her sobbing, he would have found it impossible to realise the truth of her words. He looked down at her bowed head, with its short, boyish curls, and a feeling of utter recklessness swept over him.

What did the future matter? The present was everything; let the future take care of itself. Why should they not snatch happiness while it lay within their grasp?

He gathered her into his arms as if she had been a child.

"Ursula... oh, my darling!" He kissed the little soft curls that were like silk against his lips. He turned her face and kissed her eyes and quivering lips.

"I love you! I love you!" he said brokenly. For a moment she lay against him from her unresistingly; then she put him from her.

"Don't... oh, please let me go!" She sat with averted face, drying the tears that came again and again. She did not know if she was happy or utterly wretched. She was ashamed of her weakness. She would have given anything not to have cried.

After a moment she conquered herself fiercely. She looked at him with an April smile.

There, now, Ursula, I only knew this afternoon, you see, I mean about my voice—and I've been so sorry for myself. She bit her lip to hide its trembling. "Nobody knows yet but you. Somehow I haven't got the courage to tell Elsa or anyone else." She laughed, a heart-broken little laugh. "That poor man who gave me the money! I wonder what he will say?"

Jake broke out vehemently:—

"But it can't be true! Who said it was true? A voice cannot go in a few days, as you say your's has! Don't believe them, Ursula, they've told you! Look what the doctors told me! And out in France, when was all this time, there was a man who attended me there, and he declares that they are all wrong! It will be the same with you, I am sure! Your voice will come back!"

She shook her head. She could not trust herself to speak.

"I refuse to believe it," Jake declared passionately. It wrung his heart to see her distress. "Nobody is infallible! We'll go away together somehow, and you'll get well and strong again." He broke off, struck by the look in her eyes as she raised them to his.

"Go away somewhere—with you," she echoed faintly. You are very sure that I have forgotten—everything?"

For a moment they looked at one another silently; then Jake rose to his feet. He was very pale.

"Forgive my pardon," he said quietly. "It was I who had forgotten that I had no right to expect anything from you."

There were voices outside, and Ursula started up, her cheeks flaming. She went from the room, and upstairs. Jake was alone when Elsa and her husband came in. Jake turned round, and looked at Elsa.

"I know you'll forgive me for what I'm going to say," he said jerkily. "But... it's just

with its short curls was buried more deeply into the pillow.

Elsa sat down on the side of the bed. She felt that this was her last chance to put things right for Jake, and she meant to take advantage of it; whatever happened.

"Jake is going back to London," she said. No answer.

"I know it's not my business," she went on, "and I know you hate me for having tried to interfere as I have done, but it's no use, Ursula—I must say what I feel, and so you two make a wreck of your lives. Jake did not know you were here when he came. John and I had told him that you were out of England... Oh, yes! I know it was a lie," she went on as Ursula gave a little indignant murmur, "but all the same, I'm not ashamed of it, though I suppose I ought to be. He's miserable, and so are you! And if it's only pride that stands in the way now..."

### THE DAWN OF HAPPINESS.

URSULA sat up. Her hair had tumbled into her eyes, giving her a very childish appearance. Her voice shook as she answered: "Pride! I don't think I can have any left. He went away and left me—for his own sake..."

"No, no; you can't say that," Elsa broke in.

"I can, and I do! He thought he was very noble, very self-sacrificing. He didn't care how he hurt me, or how much I suffered. He ought to have told me..."

Elsa shook her head sadly.

"Yes, I think he ought to have done that; but men are so strange. I don't believe a woman can ever really understand them."

"Or want to," said Ursula bitterly. "Oh, I know you're very fond of Jake, and that it's much more for his sake than mine that you're trying to put things right, but they can't ever be put right. I should never respect myself again—after everything that's happened."

She pushed the hair from her eyes with a little distraught gesture. "I am glad he is going to London," she said fiercely. "I never want to see him any more!"

"You don't mean that," said Elsa quietly. "I know you don't really mean it."

"I do... I do... I never wanted to care for him; was quite happy. He made me—he tried to make me. And now I hate him!"

Elsa laid a hand over the passionate lips, silencing them.

"I won't let you say that... Ursula, you've got to listen to me. Jake will never tell you, so I must. Your music—that money that was

given to you for your voice training—it was Jake's money. It was Jake who gave it to you."

"Jake!" Ursula spoke his name in a little whisper, and then more loudly. "Jake! I—I don't believe you."

"It's true. I found out quite by accident, and this afternoon John admitted that it was true. It was the thousand pounds he had lent to him by that uncle who died! It was all he had in the world, and he gave it to you."

It was impossible to disbelieve her, and for a moment the two girls looked at one another.

"Please leave me. Please go away."

The door shut softly, and Ursula went back to her old position, face buried in the pillows.

She lay there for a long time and she over everything that might have been hers—to him she had written those letters that had never been answered. Her mind felt dull and confused.

Jake's money! Had Mr. Simpson known? But of course he had! Everyone must have known but she herself.

She lay there with her eyes tightly shut, trying to sort things out of the chaos that overwhelmed her.

Well, he could have his money back—she had no further use for it. She could wipe him clean out of her life and start afresh.

What a fresh! The words were just an empty sound! The future was robbed of all that had made it worth while. What could she do? What would become of her?

Outside in the warm spring evening the birds were twittering to one another in drowsy happiness. The little song they sang seemed to make mockery of her empty heart.

She lay there for a long time in the darkness, not realising how the time flew by. Elsa came knocking at the door again, and she raised her head with a start to find the daylight almost gone and in it? What do you want?"

"Only that Jake is going... I thought—oh, Ursula, it would be kind to say good-bye to him," she appealed.

Ursula clore her eyes. Good-bye! She had said good-bye to him once before with death in her heart, but this parting seemed more final, more irrevocable than that one had been.

She got up, and her head ached, and she felt dizzy and confused.

"Very well—I will come—in a minute."

She smoothed her hair mechanically and bathed her face. She felt as if she were moving in and out of her sleep.

Downstairs she heard Elsa's voice, and Jake's, and the opening of a door. Sudden panic seized her. She could not go down—she simply

could not. From the foot of the stairs Elsa called to her.

"Ursula... And then again, 'Ursula.' The girl stood quite still in the darkness, holding her breath, then she heard Jake say, 'Never mind, Mrs. Spicer! Don't trouble her.' And then there were steps outside on the garden path. She must stop him—she must get to him. Jake!"

An instant of unbearable silence, then she heard his step on the stairs. A moment, and he was there beside her on the twilight landing.

"You called me?" Ursula could not speak, but she held out her arms, and Jake's caught her as she fell against him.

It was a long while before either of them spoke; then he asked hoarsely: "Am I to stay, Ursula? Am I to stay?"

"I've nothing in the world but you," she whispered.

"You know what it means. You know what we may have to face in the future?"

"I can bear anything—if you won't go away again."

From the hall below came Spicer's voice. "You'll lose that train, old man."

Jake laughed shakily. "I'm not trying to catch it," he said.

There was a well-known, then Spicer said rather dryly: "Oh, well, Elsa and I will go for a stroll."

Ursula raised her head. "I'll go too. I can't breathe in the house, and there is so much I want to say to you."

A little wavering laugh broke the words. "I suppose you know that you've got to marry me now?" she said.

"I know that I have wanted to, ever since we met."

She fetched a coat and he wrapped her into it carefully.

"You look like a child," he said. He took her face between his hands. "Do you love me, Ursula? Do you love me?"

She answered his question by repeating it. "Do you love me?"

"I have loved you from the first moment I ever saw you."

"And yet—you went away without telling me anything—without even giving me a chance to show how much I cared."

"But I wrote to you," said Jake bitterly. "I wrote to you from Ronan—like a fool—and told you the whole miserable story. I almost went on my knees to you not to throw me over..."

He caught his breath hard on the his memory. "I could not blame you for not answering and yet—I think I did."

His arms stole up and about his neck. She laid her face against his shoulder.

"And I—burnt that letter," she said with a sob. "I burnt my pride so—I thought you didn't care, and I wanted you to believe that I didn't care either... Oh, Jake, it's been all my fault!"

He laid her fast to his heart, and presently she said, in a little broken whisper: "I shall never make you proud of me now, Jake, and I shall never be able to pay you back that thousand pounds because some of it is spent."

"I don't care," he said, his arms length, trying to read her face. "Who told you?" he demanded.

"Elsa did. She thinks I have behaved so badly to you."

"So you have," he answered promptly, "and there is only one way that I can see of your ever making up for it."

"Whatever it is, I shall try my best."

"People will say I have no right to marry you—such a wreck as I am."

"I don't care what they say."

"If I thought you would ever be sorry..."

She answered him passionately. "If you went away again, or tried to leave me, I would follow you to the end of the world."

Her head sank against him. "Jake, are you very sorry about... my voice?"

"For my own sake, I am afraid I am glad," he answered. "It would always have been a

rival, and I should always have been jealous; but for your sake..."

He stopped, and his thoughts went back to the first time he had heard her sing.

"What will you do, love... when I am gone?" A big pang touched his heart. Was he never to hear that song again sung by the sweet voice he loved?

He raised her face and, stooping, kissed her lips.

"Happiness is the best doctor in the world," he said determinedly. "I shall set myself the task of bringing back your voice."

For an instant she clung to him. "Oh, Jake! if you only could..."

His face clouded a little. "It means so much to you?" he asked.

She was quick to hear the little hurt note in the question. She raised her face eagerly and kissed him.

Only for your sake—because I should like to be able to sing again—for your sake!"

Jake laughed contentedly. "You don't need to be so worried about me," he said. "I have everything I want here—in my arms."

To be concluded. Don't forget our new serial starts to-morrow. Tell your friends about it.

"A SLIP OF A GIRL" is the title of the new serial by Sidney Warwick, which appears to-morrow. Don't miss it.

this... I can't stay here—I must go back to town this evening. You've been bricks, both of you. He took Elsa's hand and held it fast.

"I shall thank you for the rest of my life, if you'll let me go now..."

Elsa flushed in distress, and her eyes filled with tears. She knew what had happened without being told. Ursula had not forgiven him, or tried to understand.

"You're blaming me, I know," she said. Jake shook his head. "I'm not. If anyone is to blame, we must put it on to Fate. I'll come back again—later."

Spicer protested angrily. "You can't go to-night man, anyway; you've had enough travelling about for one day. Elsa—just tell him that."

But Elsa had gone. She went upstairs and knocked at Ursula's door.

There was no answer, and she went in. Ursula was lying on the bed, her face hidden in the pillows. She looked so broken and forlorn that the resentment in Elsa's heart melted.

She went over to her and, stooping, put her arms round her. "I'm so sorry..."

"Oh, go away—go away!" The pretty head

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)



## FROM BANK CLERK TO FILM STAR.

Future of Our Beauty  
Contest Winner.

£1,000 A YEAR SALARY.

Yesterday a bank clerk at £3 a week; to-morrow a film star at a salary which will run into four figures!

That is the future before Miss Miriam Sabbage, the winner of the £500 first prize in *The Daily Mirror* £1,000 Beauty Competition.

Very soon she will be seen on the screen at thousands of cinema theatres throughout the country.

She is to "star" in a big film production specially written for her.

*The Daily Mirror* understands that her salary is to be something like £1,000 a year, if not more. Miss Sabbage has had dozens of tempting offers for her services, both for film and stage work, and, believing that she has an aptitude for cinema work, she has accepted an alluring offer from Film Booking Offices, Limited, of Soho-square, W.

### MANY QUALIFICATIONS.

She is to appear in film productions exclusively under the direction of this company, which controls all the famous "Essanay" productions, and handled also such well-known films as Ambassador Gerard's "My Four Years in Germany," "The Argyle Case," "On Trial," "Raffles" and "Count Bernstorff's Secrets."

It is believed by film experts that in the winner of *The Daily Mirror* Competition they have found a really beautiful girl who can be trained very quickly to become a popular British "star."

There is an increasing and popular demand by the public in all parts of the country for picture postcards of Miss Sabbage.

*The Daily Mirror* hopes to announce in a few days the details of a scheme by which photographic picture postcards of Miss Sabbage will be available to all.

Cheques for the amount of their prize money were posted yesterday to all the forty-nine prize winners in *The Daily Mirror* Competition. Miss Sabbage received her cheque for £500 just prior to her departure from London for a quiet holiday.

## SAVED FROM GUILLOTINE.

Last-Minute Confession of Condemned Man Saves Comrade's Life

Paris, Wednesday.

Two Spaniards, named Sacco and Sannazaro, were to have been guillotined this morning in Paris for the murder, after robbery, of a hotel proprietor in the Rue Petite Champs.

At the last moment Sannazaro declared that Sacco was innocent of participation in the murder, and that he was only concerned in the burglary.

This confession was brought to the notice of the proper authorities, with the result that Sacco was respited and only Sannazaro was guillotined.—Central News.

### MRS. LLOYD GEORGE'S SPEECH.

Speaking at Barmouth, Mrs. Lloyd George said it was important children attending school should be fed properly. They could not expect to have a healthy nation when children had to learn in school on empty stomachs. It was most essential soup kitchens should be established in all schools.

### STUCK OFF THE ROLLS.

The following solicitors were struck off the rolls yesterday:—

Anthony John Norris, Bedford-row, sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for embezzlement, and Frank Wollicroft Wain, Burslem, sentenced to five years' penal servitude for fraudulently converting to his own use certain sums of money.

## VILLAGE POLITICS.

Charming Pickwickian Flavour in a Fight for Council Honours.

### WOMAN CANDIDATE WINS.

With all the importance attending a big Parliamentary contest the result of the Astwick (Bedfordshire) election, which took place on Monday last, was announced yesterday.

The fight was for a seat on the Biggleswade Rural Council, and Astwick, a tiny village with twenty-one electors, triumphantly returned Mrs. Harry Kitchener by a majority of fourteen votes.

Some details of the election, obtained by *The Daily Mirror* yesterday, have a charming Pickwickian flavour.

There were two candidates, who obtained the following votes:—

Mrs. Harry Kitchener, 15 (8 women, 7 men). Mr. Caton, 1 (man). Mrs. Kitchener's majority, 14.

Of the twenty-one electors five did not vote. These "slackers" were apparently not the oldest inhabitants, as the first two to record their votes were an ancient couple whose combined ages totalled 170 years. They were keen supporters of Mrs. Kitchener.

Polling took place in a cottage belonging to Mr. Chapman.

Misfortune seems to dog Mr. Caton at every turn. He recently aspired to represent Cockayne Hatley on the Biggleswade Council, but it was found that he was ineligible to stand for that village.

In a few words Mrs. Kitchener told *The Daily Mirror* how she had won. "I am a life-long resident of Astwick," she said, "and I don't think I am unpopular with the voters. My election cry was: 'I will do the very best for all concerned.'"

"This is the first time I have been a candidate for the Biggleswade Rural Council."

Astwick is a Conservative stronghold. Both Mrs. Kitchener and Mr. Caton belong to the same party.

### SPICED BUNS NEXT WEEK.

Plentiful Supply Assured for Good Friday Morning's Breakfast.

Now that the ban on "cookies" has been lifted, hot cross buns, spiced and curranted, will be plentiful this year, *The Daily Mirror* learns.

In bygone years, when the "Black Fast" on Good Friday entailed a boycott of practically all food, save flour and fish, these "buns" were made of a mixture of flour and water.

Crossed and eaten hot, they were anything but appetising—now they might almost be called delicacies.

A custom that neither time, nor the Food Controller has taken from us, is the exchange of Easter eggs.

In families where there are little children chocolate and sugar eggs are hidden on the eve of Easter Sunday all over the house and garden, the children eagerly searching for them on Easter morning.

In other families the custom of colouring the breakfast eggs blue, red and yellow on Easter morning still survives.

The children are enchanted at the festive spirit of the hen not knowing that mother has been busy with cochineal and other trickeries in the kitchen.

### ANOTHER COCAINE CASE.

Alfredo Angelo Toose, forty-six, described as an Italian actor, was charged yesterday at Marlborough-street Police Court with being in unauthorised possession of cocaine at 115, Great Portland-street and 9, Torrington-square between November 28 and December 28, 1918.

Mr. Huntly Jenkins explained that Toose was before the Court a week ago on a charge of failing to register as an alien. He understood that the Director of Public Prosecutions was going to apply for an adjournment, and, as Toose had been out on bail on the other charge, he asked that it be extended to this one.

Inspector Currie, of Scotland Yard, said there was no objection to bail.

The hearing was adjourned until April 24.



This sweet little Summer Blouse is most economical and very simple to make. It requires only 2½ yards of 40 inch wide material and would look charming in muslin voile, washing silk, or any light material.

# No. 1 of OUR GIRLS

The Story Paper for those who work

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Don't miss these splendid stories!

### "MAD ON DANCING"

A fascinating story describing both the fortunate and unfortunate experiences of a young girl passionately fond of dancing.

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A very up-to-date tale in which the emotions and resolves of a young ex-munition worker are sympathetically revealed by Edith Hardy.

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In which the life, work, and love of a bonnie Lancashire mill girl are vividly described by William E. Groves.

### "MEGAN JONES—THE GIRL WHO AROUSED BRITAIN"

A great tale of the inspiring career of a young Welsh revivalist and singer.

### OTHER ATTRACTIONS

Latest Fashions—Bad Girl's Diary—and CASH PRIZES for STORIES of your work.

"Our Girls" Every Thursday  
BUY A COPY TO-DAY



A QUANTITY-DESIGNED SLEIGH.—The Queen of Holland with her mother and daughter, Princess Juliana, driving in the park at The Hague.



Six Months post free to Canada... 16s. 0d.  
To all other parts of the world... 20s. 0d.



## DANDRUFF MAKES HAIR FALL OUT.

"Danderine" keeps hair thick, strong, Beautiful.

Ladies! Try this! Doubles beauty of your hair in a few moments.

Within ten minutes after an application of Danderine you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No matter how dull, faded, brittle, and straggly, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time.

The effect is amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable lustre, softness and luxuriance. Get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine, and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all—you certainly can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Sold and recommended by all chemists, 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d.



THE WONDER FABRIC

**"Luwisca"**  
Regd.

The ideal All-British Blouse Material.

Improves with washing—Less costly and more durable than silk.

COURTAULDS, LTD. (Dept. 36), Aldermansbury, London, E.C. 2.

## FROM BANK CLERK TO FILM STAR.

Future of Our Beauty Contest Winner.

£1,000 A YEAR SALARY.

Yesterday a bank clerk at £3 a week; to-morrow a film star at a salary which will run into four figures!

That is the future before Miss Miriam Sabbage, the winner of the £500 first prize in *The Daily Mirror* £1,000 Beauty Competition.

Very soon she will be seen on the screen at thousands of cinema theatres throughout the country.

She is to star in a big film production specially written for her.

*The Daily Mirror* understands that her salary is to be something like £1,000 a year, if not more. Miss Sabbage has had dozens of tempting offers for her services, both for film and stage work, and, believing that she has an aptitude for cinema work, she has accepted an alluring offer from Film Booking Offices, Limited, of Soho-square, W.

### MANY QUALIFICATIONS.

She is to appear in film productions exclusively under the direction of this company, which controls all the famous "Essanay" productions, and handled also such well-known films as *Ambassador Gerard's* "My Four Years in Germany," *The Argyle Case*, "On Trial," "Raffles" and "Count Bernstorff's Secrets."

It is believed by film experts that in the winner of *The Daily Mirror* Competition they have found a really beautiful girl who can be trained very quickly to become a popular British star.

There is an increasing and popular demand by the public in all parts of the country for picture postcards of Miss Sabbage.

*The Daily Mirror* hopes to announce in a few days the details of a scheme by which photographic picture postcards of Miss Sabbage will be available to all.

Cheques for the amount of their prize money were posted yesterday to the forty-nine prize-winners in *The Daily Mirror* Competition. Miss Sabbage received her cheque for £500 just prior to her departure from London for a quiet holiday.

## NEWS ITEMS.

Lord Hillingdon will be buried at Seale Church, Sevenoaks, to-day at twelve noon.

Mr. A. Baldwin Raper, M.P., was operated on yesterday morning for appendicitis, and is progressing satisfactorily.

Sinn Fein Parliament.—De Valera presided at an Ard Fheis extraordinary of Sinn Fein, opened at Dublin yesterday.

Sir George Bettesworth Piggott, K.B.E., has been appointed a member of the Grants Committee of the Ministry of Labour.

Father and Son Killed.—Abel Jones and Benjamin Jones, father and son, have been killed by a colliery roof fall near Neath.

Ship Ashore.—The steamer Exmoor (4,000 tons) has gone ashore at the Humber mouth and it is feared she will become a total wreck.

Prisoners Caught.—Three war prisoners, who escaped from Pencod Camp, were retaken yesterday at Westwood, eight miles distant.

Hunting Field Accident.—Mr. J. W. Hobson, timber merchant, Bedford, died yesterday as the result of an accident in the hunting field.

Explosion of a rifle grenade was said yesterday's inquest to be the cause of the death of Hubert Hipkin, porter, Golden Cross Hotel, London, W.C.

Miners' Ballot.—Reports indicate that the miners' ballot, which commenced yesterday, will, with the possible exception of South Wales, show a majority vote in favour of accepting the Government offer.

## RUSH FOR MARGARINE

The Growing Demand Will Bring Lard Prices Down.

ABUNDANT SUPPLIES.

"I am going to sell lard at 1s. 4d. per lb. within a fortnight," said Mr. Pettit, the retailer. "And by the end of the month I shall be selling at 1s. per lb."

"It can't be done," replied Mr. Gross, the wholesaler.

"Don't you know that the Government stock of lard is not very large? And when it has to be replaced new supplies will cost at least 1 1/2d. a pound more than the Government's cost."

But let us look at the question from a different angle. *The Daily Mirror* overheard Mr. Pettit remark:

"Will the public continue to buy large quantities of lard at 1s. 6d. a pound when margarine is already 8d., 10d., and 1s. 1d.?"

"Margarine isn't lard," objected Mr. Gross.

"Quite so, but there are many purposes for which it is just as good," answered Mr. Pettit.

"Already the demand for the higher-priced fats is affected by the existence of abundant cheap margarine."

"I want to sell as much as I can, as quickly as I can. And a small percentage of profit satisfies me."

Yon, Mr. Gross, want to work on a certain restricted output sold at high prices that gives you the biggest return with the least trouble."

"Nonsense," said Gross testily. "I've got very large stocks I want to get rid of."

"Then be a sensible fellow, and cut your prices. You'll have to do it sooner or later."

"And, for your own sake in the future, it is better to do it before the public forms the habit of using margarine instead of lard," replied Mr. Pettit, as he took the 1s. ticket from the fresh rolls and stuck it in the lard.

## CHASED WIFE WITH KNIFE

Divorce Court Story of Solicitor's Fitts of Passion.

In the Divorce Court yesterday Mr. Justice Coleridge granted the petition of Mrs. Ada Beatrice Allistone for the dissolution of her marriage on the ground of the cruelty and misconduct of her husband, Mr. Alfred Allistone, a solicitor.

There was no defence, said Mr. Walter Frampton, who appeared for the wife, and petitioner stated that respondent gave way to violent fits of passion.

On one occasion he chased her and the children with a carving knife. They were so frightened that they went and hid in the garden.

Miss Brenda Allistone gave corroborative evidence of her father's ill-treatment of her mother, and evidence of his misconduct having been given, a decree nisi was pronounced.

## MODISH DOG OF 1919.

Fortune's Favourite Must Match Dresses and Look Wistful.

What will be the fashion in dogs this year? Every spring brings its own favourite, which replaces that of the season before.

"Women like dogs that match their costumes," was the statement made to *The Daily Mirror* at a dog's shop de luxe off Bond-street.

"We had reckoned on French police dogs, but their workmanlike air bars them. Pekingeses are 'off,' and the demand for Sealyhams has dropped."

"The Chihuahua stands a good chance of becoming favourite this year; he is a tiny little chap with big ears that stand up, and his life is in the way of cushions, motor-cars and cluttered cream."

"I have seen several of them at jazz parties. The ideal fashionable pet is the one that matches one's dresses and wears a wistful look."

## SKIN TROUBLE?

Send for our Trial Bottle

FREE!

SKIN SUFFERERS.—Write to-day for a trial bottle absolutely free of the wonderful new skin discovery.

## D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.

A liquid wash, containing a most powerful element that sinks into the pores and gives INSTANT RELIEF in all cases of ECZEMA, BAD LEG, RINGWORM, INSECT BITES, AND ALL SKIN TROUBLES. Cures speedily, permanently. Kills and throws off the disease germs deeply buried in the skin. Cures begins with the very first application of this wonderful wash. Send to-day for the free trial bottle. Will give you instant relief from all itching distress, no matter how long you have suffered, and heal far more quickly than salves or ointments, which sometimes clog the pores. D.D.D. is obtainable at 2/6, of all chemists.

SEND FOR THE TRIAL BOTTLE NOW

If you remit 2d. in stamps we will enclose a 3 1/2 tablet of D.D.D. Soap, which beautifies the complexion and makes a clear healthy skin.

D.D.D. LABORATORIES, 410, FLEET LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.

## RELIEVES INDIGESTION IN TWO MINUTES.

SIMPLE REMEDY SAVES DOCTORS' BILLS.

If you suffer from dyspepsia, indigestion, pain after eating, gastritis, heartburn, or any stomach trouble due to acidity or food fermentation—and over ninety per cent. of stomach complaints are due to these causes—go to your chemist and get a bottle of Bisurated Magnesia. This will only cost 8s., and it will be supplied under a binding guarantee of satisfaction or money back. The next time you eat or have pain in the stomach take half a teaspoonful of the Bisurated Magnesia in a little water and note how quickly all pain and discomfort ceases. It is said that thousands of soldiers used this simple remedy at the front, and they attribute their freedom from all digestive troubles to its regular use. Chemists say that its almost invariable success is due to the fact that Bisurated Magnesia instantly neutralises the excess acid and stops fermentation, thus promoting healthy, natural digestion. Being absolutely harmless as well as inexpensive, Bisurated Magnesia should be kept on hand in every home where economy and good health are sought.

BISURATED MAGNESIA can now be obtained of all Chemists in mint-flavoured tablets as well as in the ordinary powdered form.—(Advt.)

**15 DAYS FREE TRIAL**

Packed FREE. Carriage PAID. Direct from Works.

**LOWEST CASH PRICES. EASY PAYMENT TERMS.**

Immediate delivery. Big Bargains in Shop Soiled and Second-hand Cycles, Tyres and accessories at Half Shop Prices. Satisfaction guaranteed or Money Refunded. Old Cycles Exchanged. Write for Monster Size Free List and Special Offer of Sample Bicycle.

**MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, INCORPORATED**  
(Dept. 235a), BIRMINGHAM

**Lack of Fresh Fruit**

is affecting the health of many people. Apples, for instance, are scarce and expensive. An excellent substitute, however, is the famous Cyder, made from luscious crops of previous seasons, which contain all the health-giving properties of the finest Devon apples, in an agreeable and easily assimilated form. Old VINTAGE CYDERS (sparkling). STILL CRISP in bottles. "WOODBINE BLEND" for Gout, Rheumatism, etc. CYDER (the perfect non-alcoholic beverage). Obtainable from all principal Stores. Write Mr. Richards, 40, Market Street, and particulars from H. WHITEWAY & Co. Ltd., The Orchard, Broom's Barn, Devon and Pomonas House, 37, Abchurch Lane, E.C. 4.

**WHITEWAY'S FAMOUS DEVON CYDERS**

## ARMY BOOTS

REPAIRED EQUAL TO NEW

**12/6**

Every Pair Guaranteed. ALSO COLONIAL BROWN 15/6, 17/6 & 21/-

**EVERY PAIR GUARANTEED**

There is no better footwear in the world than BRITISH ARMY BOOTS. We buy thousands of pairs, many only slightly worn, and repair them with best Government Leather. Our price to you is 12/6 per pair. We only pick the best, and we guarantee them to be perfectly sound, well lasted, and almost as good as new, and far better value than shop boots at double the price. We have thousands of repair orders from all over the country, which prove that we give good value. Secure a pair now before the price goes up. Write to-day and send P.O. and 1/- extra for postage, with 2/- and any wholser address.

**INTERNATIONAL ARMY BOOT CO.,**  
WHOLESALE AND EXPORT (40 Dept.)  
77, STD. E NEWINGTON ROAD, LONDON, N. 16

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While Jam is scarce, use

**NESTLÉ'S MILK**

That's the stuff to give 'em, and the children love it.

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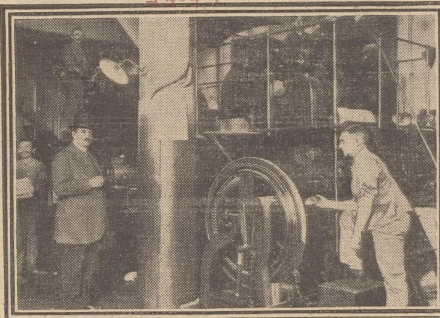


## No. 2. PRINTING OFF AN EDITION



In the editorial department.

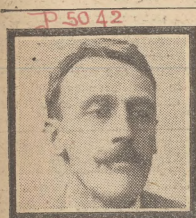
The Cologne Daily Post, published by the Rhine Army, bids fair to be a great success, as it gives the soldiers all the latest news.—(Official photographs.)



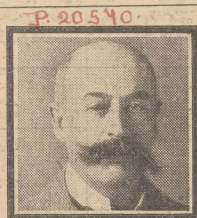
Making use of the Cologne Volkszeitungs' rotaries.



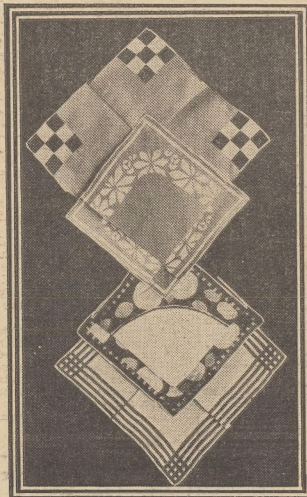
Rush for the first edition.



**NEW SERIAL.**—Mr. Sidney Warwick, whose new serial, "A Ship of a Girl," commences in *The Daily Mirror* to-morrow.



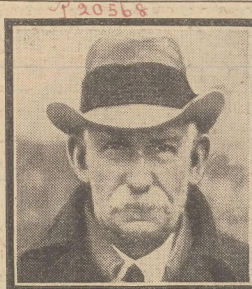
**A DEATH.**—Mr. Reginald Vaughan, brother of Father Bernard Vaughan, who has died. He was a J.P. for Monmouth.



**STENCILLED HANDKERCHIEFS.**—Examples of the stencilled linen handkerchiefs which are all the rage with the women of New York. They are of all the colours of the rainbow.



The symbol of freedom.



Mr. Caton got one vote.



Mrs. Harry Kitchener, elected.



Mr. Bowman, who seconded Mr. Caton. He is over eighty.

**"BIG POLL" AT ASTWICK.**—Sixteen people out of a possible twenty-one, or practically seventy-five per cent. of the electorate, voted in this little Bedfordshire village for the rural district council candidates. Of these fifteen (eight women and seven men) were cast in favour of Mrs. Harry Kitchener, the remaining one being given for Mr. Caton. The result of the poll was announced yesterday.—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)



Sewing Union Jacks in the works at Millwall.

**FLAGS FOR PEACE DAY.**—The girl machinists are working their hardest at Messrs. Lane and Neave, the Government contractors, to make flags for Peace Day, which all hope will be soon.



**INSPECTED BY CHIEF COMMISSIONER.**—Mr. Ouan Smith, J.P., reviewing the City of Dublin Boy Scouts. The lads presented a smart appearance.